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hardly a name of prominence occurs to me, unless I go back to the old masters of Italy, of whom Salvator Rosa was especially distinguished for his versatility. I can think of but one name of note at the present time,—that of Russia's original genius, Basil Vereschagin, with whom I will close. He made his bow to the public as an author in 1886, with his "Sketches of Travel in India" and "Sketches and Reminiscences." The works are richly illustrated, principally by reproductions of some of his best-known paintings, notably the famous battle-pieces of the Turko-Russian war, and the architectural studies in Central Asia and India.

Various causes, foremost among which are the great improvements in the methods of reproducing drawings, have brought about a large increase in the number of artist-authors before the public; and the time may yet come, so ardently wished for by Henry Blackburn, when artistic training will be a qualification required even of the reporter on the daily press. But, as mediocre versatility seems to me an abomination, I have tried to name only those that could claim attention on the score of evident proficiency in both arts.

FRANK LINSTOW WHITE.

A QUERY.

A SUMMER cloud slow-sailing past the sun;
A bird-song broken ere 'tis well begun;
The golden light upon the waving grain;
The bird beginning o'er his half-sung strain;
The dazzling sky, with sunset flames aglow;
The ocean tides in ceaseless ebb and flow;
A woodland flower's wondrous blossoming;
The moon, the stars, the pulsing life of Spring—
All these my soul with strange deep longings fill,
And wake a spirit I can never still,—
That looks within, without, beneath, above,
Forever pleading, "Tell me, what is Love?"

MILDRED A. W. DORSEY.

